COFFEES, TEAS and FANCY

GROCERIES.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Great Cryptogram: Francis Bacon's Cipher in the So-called Shakspeare Plays," is out and received. This is the title of Mr. Ignatius. Donnelly's book, in which he claims to have discovered a hidden cipher proving that Shakspeare did not write Shakspeare's plays, and that Lord Bacon did. The book has excited a great deal of curious comment and has been talked about more than its merits deserve. It is a large volume of nearly 1,000 pages, and shows a vast amount of ingenious research and persistent labor to prove what the common sense and best judgment of the world will still regard as a most absurd theory. The theory that Francis Bacon wrote Shakspeare is, of but this laborious and ingenious work makes him its chief advocate and prophet. It is a summing up of the whole case, including all that has been said, all that can be said, and vastly more than ought to be said in favor of the theory that Shakspeare was a fraud, his contemporaries fools and the English-speaking world for many generation a victim of ignorant credulity. Mr. Donnelly's work is divided into two parts. The first is a careful compilation and review of all the old and new arguments to prove that Shakspeare sould not and did not write the plays which bear his name. This part of the work contains a good deal of ingenious literary critieism, and shows extraordinary talent for seeing things that cannot be seen, and discovering bings that do not exist. The second part of the work is devoted to an exposition of the alleged cipher proving that Bacon wrote the plays. This is doubtless one of the most ingenious and plaborate literary frauds ever put forth. The construction of the cipher has already been discovered and its absurdity exposed. Mr. Donielly devotes hundreds of pages of intricate figures and arithmetical calculations to demonstrate a brazen fraud. This part of the work tle profit as a Chinese puzzle. The book is published in good style by R. S. Peale & Co., Chi-Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Com-

A new historical work relating to the war period is "France and the Confederate Navy-1862-1868; an International Episode," by John Bigelow, minister to France during the war. The volume gives a history of the negotiations by which the confederates secured an official authorization to build in French ports, in 1862-5, several of the most formidable vessels of-

war then afloat, and also the measures by which their delivery to the confederate government was prevented. One of the most interesting features of the work is the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Mr. Benjamin, the confederate Secretary of State, and his agents, John Slidell, in Paris, and John M. Mason, in London. It proves beyond doubt the existence of a conspiracy between the French government and the confederates for the building and arming of confederate war cruisers of tremendous power. Had the conspiracy been successful the course of history might have been changed. As Mr. Bigelow says: "Had these vessels reached the coast of America the territory of the United States might possibly now be under two or more independent governments, or, if under one, a widely different one from that under which we are now living, or from any which our fathers designed for us." This work gives the inside history of the whole business, and is an interesting and valuable contribution to history. New York: Harper & Bros. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Com-

"The Tailor-made Girl, Her Friends, Her Fashions, and Her Follies," by Philip H. Welch, is a satire on modern fashionable society. It is a collection of short dialogues in the society style of the period, each one aptly illustrated by Mr. C. Jay Taylor. The dialogues are very characteristic, and the faces and figures in the illustrations are an interesting study. The author has a shrewd knowledge of the inner tprings of human nature, and a clever way of evealing their workings. He has won a repuistion by the skill and numor with which he has ridiculed some of the weaknesses, amiable or otherwise, of the "tailor-made girl" and her numerous friends. Oblong folio, \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Harper & Bros., of New York, publish a new edition of "A Short History of the English People," by John Richard Green. The character and merits of this book are too well known to intelligent readers to need advertising. In plan, purpose, treatment and style it is entirely different from any other history of England, and easily the most interesting and instructive of any. Its title indicates its character. It is a history not of English Kings or English conquests, but of the English people, and the plan is carried out in the most admirable and charming manner. The present edition is thoroughly revised, and has maps and tables. There is also an interesting sketch of the author by his wife. New York: Harper & Bros. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, publish "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought," by Prof. Joseph L. Conte. The aim of the work is to give first, a concise account of what is meant by evolution; second, an outline of the evidences of its truth drawn from many different sources; third, its relation to fundamental religious belief. The author holds and argues that evolution in its just and true sense is entirely harmonious with revealed religion. The style is clear and free from technical meumbrances or philosophical cent. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

"A New Robinson Crusce," by W. L. Alden, is a funny story about a sailor boy who was The other man was a grandson of the old, original genuine Robinson Crusoe, and the island where they were cast away proved to be the same one where his grand-father was wrecked and lived so long. Out of this situation and a great many rediculous surroundings a very funny story is made. New York: Harper & Bros. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

"The Art of Investing," by a New York brok. ar, discusses the question of how to make safe and profitable investments. The relative merits of government bonds, State bonds, municipal obligations, railroad mortgages and stocks, farm mortgages, ranch securities, water-works loans, mining securities, etc., are discussed in order. There is also a chapter on speculation. The book contains a good deal to interest capitalists and investors. New York: D. Apple-ion & Co.; Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill

The long list of books on etiquette and manners is increased by another, entitled "Good Form in England." It is compiled by an American resident in the United Kingdom, and is intended as a comprehensive guide-book to good manners in England, and an explanation of the ways, habits, customs and usages of what is known there as "high life." Is contains many matters of interest relative to English society and customs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

"Picked Up in the Streets" is a novel translated from the German of H. Schobert, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. It is an interesting story, the scene being laid entirely in Germany. Mrs. Wister is noted as a skillful translator. Cloth, \$1.25. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill

The campaign biographer is in the field early. Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, publish "The Lafe of John Sherman," by Rev. S. A. Bronson. it is a history of the life and public services of the Ohio statesman and of what he has said and done. It is a good presentation of the subject and a useful contribution to political history. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. Cloth; price 75 cents.

"The Invalid's Own Book," by Lady Cust, is a collection of recipes from various books and various countries designed exclusively for the use and benefit of invalids or those who are convalescing from disease. In this regard it is a valuable collection of recipes. Paper, 25 cents; New York, William S. Gottsberger; Indian spo-lts, The Bowen-Merrill Company.

"Bird-Talk," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is a collection of charming poems on and about different birds. The book has a fresh orchard and wild-wood flavor and some of the poems seem to be almost in bird language. Orna-mental cloth, \$1. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Indisnapolis, The Bowden-Merrill Com-

Doctor and Patient," by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., is a practical treatise on heaith, for sick

acter, and other subjects of equal interest. Cloth, 81.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill

"A Teacher of the Violin and Other Tales," is a collection of stories by J. H. Shorthouse. There are four of them, three having originally appeared in "Macmillan's Magazine," and one in the "Nineteenth Century." They are all first-rate stories. Cloth, \$1. New York: Macmil-lan & Co. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill

"Too Curious," a novel by Edward J. Goodman, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, in their series of select novels, issued monthly. Paper covers, price 25 cents each, "Too Curious" is a strangely fascinating story, relating the experiences and fate of a man who was granted the gift of foreseeing

Lee & Shepard, Boston, publish "Hannah Jane," a poem by the late D. R. Locks. It is a common story of real life, well told in good verse, with a domestic flavor, and an excellent moral. Ornamental gilt covers, \$1.50. Indian-apolis, The Bowen-Merrill Company.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, publish "A False Start," a novel by Hawley Smart, author of "A Race for a Wife." etc. Paper covers, 50 cents. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Com-

Ticknor & Co., Boston, continue their paper series of choice reading by the publication of "Next Door," a novel by Clara Louise Burnham. The novels in this series are 50 cents each.

LOGAN'S POWER OF INVECTIVE How the General Staved Off an Importunate Man with a Bet.

At the Chicago convention in 1880 the great trio, Conkling, Logan and Cameron, linked their forces, as the world knows, to force the nomination of Gen. Grant for a third term. The tremendous strain of that struggle on the leaders of the 306 can never be expressed in words, but it has appeared in deeds more or less tragic and all of a texture to fit the place of all three in American history as the most determined political fighters who ever stood up together in a convention. Coukling never recovered from the defeat; Cameron never let on that he had been defeated, and Logan, unlike Conkling, whose anger struck in, was capable of throwing off his rage through the medium of a most remark-able power of painting lurid word pictures with colors not admissable into the literary art gaileries of the language. An incident that illustrates Logan's power of colloquial invective was related to me the other day. It happened that one afternoon when Gen. Logan entered the Palmer Houss during a recess of the convention. he was accosted on the steps by some one, who said: "Well, General, how is it going?"
"Grant will be nominated to-night," said Le-

gan, taking off his hat and throwing back his black bair with a defiant gesture. "Oh. no, General, you are a little overcon-This remark seemed to nettle the man from Egypt," and he turned upon the speaker, his

eyes flashing, and shouted: "I'll bet a thousand "I'll take that bet," said a quiet voice in the utskirts of the crowd. "Come to parlor Q in half an hour," said Logan, edging off, as his antagonist seemed bent

Promptly in half an hour a man with a cane in his hand knocked at the door of parlor "Q" and asked for Gen. Logan. "Who wants to see me?" asked Logan in the horoughly pacific tone of a man who is seeking

on a show of cash on the spot.

"I do. I am the man who bet \$1,000 with you on General Grant's nomination. I have brought my money." The stranger shifted his cane to his left arm and laid a modest \$1,000 bill in his

Logan was nonplussed for a minute and then like a flash seemed to conclude that a grand charge all along the line was the only thing that would rescue him from his exposed posttion. He turned upon the would-be better and poured a perfect torrent of abuse and swear words upon him, winding up by calling him a "skin gambler from Saratogo Springs." The scene was terrific and the more the stranger protested that he was a respectable man and had come by invitation of Logan to make a warer, the louder Black Jack became and the further off the bet seemed from the mind of either, for the stranger put away his money and let loose a voice and scorching tongue that were second only to Logan's. They were finally separated

Four years afterwards the gentleman who told me this story, having removed from India-na to Minneapolis, was asked to address a Seventh-ward meeting and complied with the request. When he entered the hall another gentleman was speaking whose tones were somehow familiar, and as they rode back to town together he said to his new acquaintance:
"Aren't you the skin gambler from Saratoga Springs that Jack Logan roasted!

"Yes," was the reply, "but I have reformed. My name is Eustice. What is yours?" "Evans. I was in the room at the time and I have wondered since If I should ever again meet he man who bluffed Jack Logan."

AN ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

Some of the Legal Methods and Arguments of the Great Expounder of the Constitution.

One of the very best anecdotes of Daniel Webster as illustrative of that exalted and exalting character which his mind pre-eminently possessed, was told by the late St. George Tucker Campbell, of Philadelphia, himself a lawyer of great and deserved distinction.

Mr. Campbell said that having been retained in a somewhat famous case at the time with Mr. Webster, who was detained by his senatorial duties at Washington, the conduct of the case through all the preliminariers devolved upon him, it being agreed that Mr. Webster should deliver the closing argument. "But," said Mr. Campbell, "day after day went by without bringing the great expounder, until the very last day before that on which the closing argument was to be delivered, and I was in despair. I was sitting in my room at the hotel debating with myself what to do, when Mr. Webster was an-nounced. After the little civilities had passed he asked me to tell him about the case."
"Why, Mr. Webster," said I, "is it possible

you know nothing of the case?" "Nothing whatever," said he. "Tell me about

"I was utterly dumfounded, and, pointing a pile of testimony a foot deep on the table. I said: "How am I to convey all that to you in the little time that is left us?" He said: "Oh, never mind details. Give me the case generally and the salient points."

He sat down at the table opposite me, and I gave him a rapid synopsis of the case, which took two hours and more. One point I especially called to his attention. The opposing country sel were bent on securing a continuance of the case, while our interests demanded an immediate decision. As a reason against granting the continuance, I cited the fact that the other side had protracted the cross-examination excessively, occupying six days in the case of one wit-

Mr. Webster bade me good night after I had concluded, and went to bed. The next morning be came into court as serene and majestic as
Jove himself, while I was nervous and apprehensive to the last degree. He began his address to the court with that slow, penderous
gravity that was so characteristic of him in the
outset of his forensic efforts, then gradually
warmed and quickened. I listened spellbound, for in essence it was nothing but what I had pumped into him in the two hours and a half talk of the day before. But how transmuted and transformed. To give an idea of the transformation I will take the point to which I have alluded. He rendered it thus:

"They ask for a continuance! Why, may it lease the court, they have taken at this hearne as much time in the cross-examination as it took the Almighty to create the universel"

That represents the difference between his speech and my talk; my simple six days grew to the colossal figure I have described under the magic touch of his genius, and this instance was charasteristic of the whole.

## There Was No Connection,

A friend of mine has a telephone in his Eastend residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter, some four years of age, of winning ways, sweet face and artfully artless manners. When bedtime came a few nights ago, the mother of the little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery; and, carrying on the search, her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, heard the baby's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters, she was sur-prised to see tiny Miss Mabel standing on a hall chatr, and talking into the telephone in a loud voice. "Hello! Hello! Central!" the child was saying, in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, Central! Give me heaven; I want t' say my prayers."

New York Sun.
Things grow worse and worse in Russia. The and well people. It treats of the physicians' duties, convalescence, pain and its consequen-ees, the moral management of sick or invalid children, nervousness and its influence on char-

FIFTY AMERICAN EDITORS. Public Opinion of Washington Gets a View of Half a Hundred Representative Mone

Cincinnati Enquirer. One of the standing jokes in the profession of journalism is the establishment of a newspaper "to fill a long-felt want." Every editor who elimbs to the tripod in his own behalf at once announces the fact that he has come "to fill a long-felt want," and some time within a year of the date of that announcement he admits the sheriff to partnership, and concludes, if the long-felt want is to be filled, it may fill itself. There are exceptions, however, occasion-Public Opinion, of Washington, D. C., under the management of Mr. F. S. Presbery. Less than two years ago it began its career, and, like a seed sown in fruitful soil, it has a seed sown in fruitful soil.

has grown until its branches extend all over the country. It is an hebdomadal presentation, in convenient form for quick perusal, of the ablest opinions on the leading political, financial, scientific, literary and religious topics, taken from the representative papers and magazines of the entire nation, and for the hurried reader it certainly does fill a long-felt want.

In line with its enterprise it has recently issued a large plate-photograph of photographs of sued a large plate-photograph of photographs of the representative molders of public opinion that is to say, representative editors of the United States. There are fifty of them in all, including two ladies, and there isn't one in the lot who doesn't look as if he had filled a long-felt want, and could do it again with one hand tied behind him. In the center of the plate is the first page of "Public Opinion," bearing an advertisement of the Phænix Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, showing that the adver-

Company of Hartford, showing that the adver-

tiser is not afraid of public opinion, and also in-dicative of the fact that editors are not averse to taking precautions against possible emer-The pictures within the picture are carefully and artistically arranged, and Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun, and Mr. Pulitzer, of the World, are not placed within striking distance of each other. Mr. Dana is thoughtfully reading a paper, possibly the World, and Mr. Pulitzer has that serene and placid look incidental to the editorial face when a subscriber has come in and renewed his subscription with the cash.

Just above Mr. Pulitzer is Charles Emory
Smith, of the Philadelphia Press, with a firmset jaw and a big scarf-pin, and vis-a-vis is Henry W. Grady. of the Atlanta Constitution, with nothing on his face for the winds to blow through, and an expectant smile in his eyes, as if he were looking for the New South to come

around the corner every minute.
In one corner is Alden J. Blethen, of the Minneapolis Tribue, with the face of an escaped clergyman; in another H. W. Scott, of the Portland Oregonian, gazing in the dim vista of the future, and with a forenead on him extending back to his collar. In the third is Allan Forman, of the Journalist, smooth-faced and spec-tacled like a Boston maid; and in the fourth William Dorsheimer, of the New York Star, who has gone to a rest which no newspaper man

In the center of the top row is Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune, with a fierce mustache, and a high-priced overcoat thrown back on his shoulders as if he wanted to lick the man who dared to say Blaine wouldn't be nominated at Chicago. On one side of him is George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, surnamed George the Good, his counterfeit presentment showing great benevolence and a dimpled chiu, and on the other William M. Singerly, of the Philadelphia Record, his hair parted in the middle with a towel, and an sir about him as of man who wasn't losing money in his business.

Near by is Oswald Ottendorfer, of the New
York Steats Zeitung, as handsome as the late Kaiser Wilhelm, and next to him Melville E. Stone, of the Chicago News, who might be taken for a divinity student if it were not for that Chi-

William E. Quinby, of the Detroit Free Press, shows up with a healthy look, as if his circulation were very good, indeed, and right under him is M. H. DeYoung, of the San Fransisco Chronicle, a man who looks like the good eating of 'Frisco had not passed him entirely by. Beyond is E. W. Dawson, of the Charleston News and Courier, with a Yankee exactness in the fit of his clothes and a graceful palmetto Over on the other side of the picture we find Richard H. Silvester, of the Washington Critic.

The Major is there in great shape, with his broad brow and his gray mustache, fine likeness to Bismarck. Adjoining him on the south is Henry Watterson, of the Courier-Journal, with a stern slook on his face, as if the star-eyed goddess of freform had run off with some other fellow. Next to Mr. Wasterson, with his back turved to him, and gazing softly down on H. W. Fox. of the Washington Republican, as large as life and twice as natural, is Jos. R. Hawley, of the Har ford Courant, with no visib'e erithmen in his handsome face that he would say "No" if the Republican party asked him to take either first or a coad place on The graceful beauty of Wm, Penn Nivon, of

the Chicago Inter Ocean, is fielded in on either side by Frank O'Neill, of the St. Lon's Parmblican, and Edwin Cowles, of the the eland Leader. Mr. Cowies being possibly a state handsomer than Mr. O'Neill, but not more

Lewis Baker, of the St. Paul Globe, is tranquil in his picture, and looks as if he had not yet got such a grip on the Democratic party in Minnesota that he could hold it up by the tail. On Mr. Baker's right is John Atkins, of the Denver News, a veritable "Hamlet" in a high collar and a speckled necktie, and next beyond is George Bleistein, of the Buffalo Courier, dark and dignified. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, is set in between J. A. Sleicher, of the Albany Journal, and William W. Clapp, of the Boston Journal, like a ham sandwich. Sleicher has a mustache you could hang your hat on, and Mr. Clapp's dome of thought is patterned after that of his own native State-house. Shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Clapp is J. M. Bundy, of the New York Mail and Express, showing paught in of side-whiskers on it. Charles toward William Purcell, of the Rochester Union and Advertiser, through the straddling binocular, so dear to the Boston nose, and Mr. Purcell bears the scrutiny serenely. with a profile like a Greek statue, is companion

C. C. Goodwin, of the Salt Lake Tribune, to R. T. Van Horn, of the Kansas City Journal, who might have been a Methodist preacher if he had not been an editor. Extremes occasionally meet, and they do in this picture—George William Curtis, of Harper's Weekly, and J. B. McCullagh, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, joining hands, as it were. Mr. Curtis has that calm, benignant,

mugwumpian look, in which the heart speaks through the face, and "Mack" in a Prince Albert coat, with his hand in its bosom, looks as if he were going out to lay a few shekels on the favorits. Albert R. Lamar, of the Macon Telegraph, has a head like a United States Senator, the evening before, and A. H. Belo, of the Gal-veston News, parts his whiskers in the middle as if Texas were the capital of London. In the top row, between Mr. Childs and Mr. Dana, is Crosby S. Noyea, of the Washington Star, with that placidity of countenance which results from the knowledge that the editor may spend 5 cents to have his shoes blacked without standing the printer off a week for his pay. S. J. Flickinger, of the Ohio State Journal, with the widest part of his head between his ears, looks well in whiskers and spectacles. H. P. Sampers, of the Courier des Etats Unis,

might be taken for a member of the French Academy. Near him is O. H. Rothaker, of the Omaha Republican, from whose face even the wild Western winds can not blow the lines of beauty, and far off in the other corner of the plate is Charles H. Jones, of the Jacksonville Times-Union, a distinguished-looking citizen, with whiskers so profuse as to remain forever s standing advertisement of the fertility of And now, last and loveliest, are the two ladies in this galaxy of brains and beauty, Mrs. E. J. Vicholson, of the New Orleans Picayune, and

Mrs. Frank Leelie, of the Illustrated Weekly. Mrs. Nicholson, with her hair parted on the side, and her round, girlish face, would scarcely be taken as the moving spirit in a newspaper ranking among the very first in the South; nor would Mrs. Leslie, in her stylish attire and plump figure, be thought to have paid off a heavy indebtedness and put her publications into such shape that they pay her \$100,000 a year; but the facts stand, and even a newspaper man can't go back of the facts. Mrs. Nichelson has a husband, Mrs. Leslie has not, and certainly some of these wifeless molders of public opinion should also be able to mold a private pinion, and induce Mrs. Leslie to become Mrs.

omebody else. Nous verrons. Taking this composite picture in all its phases, it may be stated, "beyond the peradventure of a doubt," that Public Opinion is to be congratuated for its enterprise, as well as for the pleasure afforded the world at large, in thus furnishing a view of all these "charming and accomplished" people, who seldom have time to go on exhibition otherwise.

The Roman Wall of London.

Yesterday a large assemby of antiquaries and archæologists took place at a spot in Alders-gate, a little to the north from the new buildings of the Central postoffice, for the purpose of inspecting a portion of the old walls of the city,
close to what was in all probability their northwestern angle. This portion was first discovered and laid bare in the early part of last
autumn, when the Buil and Mouth Hotel and

the French Protestant Church were removed in order to make room for the intended additional buildings. The length of the wall now exposed to view is about 100 feet, and the greater part of it stands about 10 feet above the soil. This is largely mediævai; but the portion below the surface soil measures about 15 feet or 16 feet, and is composed of stones and bricks, laid in alernate strata, after the Roman fashion so well known at Colchester and Lincoln, and also in other parts of the walls of London, as for in-stance in Bevis Marks and the Minories. The material is Kentish rag, laid in regular courses with fine joints and other courses of red tiles with wide joints. As this wall is actually on the boundary of the building site lately acquired by the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand there seems to be no necessity for its removal and a general opinion was expressed among the antiquaries present yesterday that the wall is too fine a specimen of Roman work to be wantonly destroyed.

THE PIGEON SERVICE. General Greely's Plan for Utilizing Homing Birds in the Weather Bureau. Washington Special.

General Greely expects great results from his Digeon cotes at Key West. There have been several short paragraphs in the papers about the proposed establishment of these cotes of homing birds for the purpose of communication between the signal station and Cuba and other islands in that vicinity. The Cuba and other islands in that vicinity. The signal service is going to enter into this thing quite extensively, and they hope to prove the usefulness of homing pigeons as bearers of military as well as weather despatches. General Greely thinks these birds deserve the reputation they have enjoyed since the ancestor of the present generation of pigeons carried a spray of green to the first great navigator of the world. He thinks they can be made a branch of the military establishment, as other nations -especially the French-have already used them. He devoted some space to the subject in his last annual report. The cotes at Key West are now completed, and they expect to have a number of pigeons there within a few weeks.

Pigeon fanciers of Philadelphia and elsewhere throughout the country have offered to present the government with some of their finest birds for these experiments, and there is a very general rivalry to have their several cotes represented in the government service by the best birds they can afford. General Greely could not purchase birds in the market with any certainty-or with even a fair chance-of getting good ones, but those received as presents are sure to be the best, as the records of all the birds will be kept, and the parties presenting them will feel a pride in their performances.

Lieutenant Thompson is in charge of the pigeon service," and is now engaged in correspondence with the various fanciers of borning pigeons. I found him in his office the oth day with pigeon literature piled about his desk, and he talked pigeon with me for half an hour. At the moment he was engaged in the preparation of a table of instructions, and in the examination of stamps for printing the names and numbers of the birds on their wings. At bis side was a book larger than Webster's Dictionary, full of clippings concerning pigeons. He said the cote just completed would furnish accommodations for 500 birds, as they proposed to keep that number, though to start with they would not have as many.

"What we want." he tells me, "is daily communication with Cuba and the Bahama islands. There is a cable at Havana, but sometimes it would take about as long to get to it as it would to send the message by steamer, and it is not accessible from the Bahamas. Good homing pigeons can easily make the trip during a day, and we can thus secure easy and chesp communication. The Governor of the Bahamas has taken a deep interest in the matter, and has indicated his willingness to co-operate with us West will be stocked from the various pricotes with birds a few days so that they will establish their homes there, and from these we shall raise our stock. We have arranged with trading vessels to take the birds out for training purposes. They will be trained first for a short distance, and then a longer, and so on increasing their flight until we have secured a range from the most distant of the islands. Of course, all the birds will home at our Key West station, and they will have to be transported to the various points from which we desire to receive communications. The trading vessels will gladly do this transportation for us, and besides leaving the birds on the islands, some of these vessels will keep them on board to liberate from time to time with messages. They will be put on board any men-of-war that may be in those waters, and so keep up a communication with them when it would be impossible by any other means. The purpose of the pigeon service is, of course, to enable us to get information conreports we get from the islands and on shipboard will be of great value to the bureau. A regular system of reports from that quarter would greatly increase the accuracy of our pre

"We do not know just what the birds can do. They will have to be tried in all sorts of weather, and their perf rmances will have to be caretully watched under all conditions. Each bird will have a name. I think I shall just take the army register and take the names as I find them there, beginning with General Sheridan, and going down in regular order, naming a bird for each officer until they are all named. They will be entered on a register at the cote, with a record of where they came from, and their per

formances will be recorded, The government once before made an experiment with homing pigeons, but for several reasons it was not successful. A number of the birds were sent to Fort Keogh to be tried for field service, but the habits of the birds and their care was not well enough known. They were neglected, and the Montana hawks destroyed many of them. Lieutenant Thompson thinks, however, that after they have got familiar with the habits of these winged his face of the piety which now characterizes messengers, and if the experiments at Key West that paper, and just below Mr. Bundy is are successful, they can be used to a great ad-Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Repub- vantage on the Western plains, especially as a lican, an intellectual-locking face, with means of communication from scouting parties

to the forts in time of Indian troubles. Major Upham, in a letter advocating the use of pigeons as messengers, states that had General Custer had some of these messengers with him at the time of the terrible massacre, they might have saved his command, or, at least some account of the battle would have been preserved. General Greely hopes to make the pigeon of service here as they are in the German, Russian and French armies.

THE SEA TO OVERFLOW PARIS. The Shores of France Slaking at the Rate of Seven Feet a Century.

Just lately, on the coast of Brittany, one of those geological discoveries has been made which suggests to the mind periods of time making the longest human life appear but a span, and exhibiting processes quite dwarfing most ambitious buman achievements. This is the disclosure, by the displacement of a mass of sand, during the last high tides, of a forest that must have been buried for some twenty centuries at least. The situation is just opposite Saint Malo, at the foot of the clifs of Saint Enogat and Saint Lunaire. The forest is supposed to have once extended from Saint Malo to beyond Mount Saint Michael. This discovery is con-sidered of great scientific interit affords a remarkable illustration of the gradual sinking of the French shore. The progress of this sinking during the las two thousand years is clearly shown in an old map found at the Abbey of the Mont Saint Michel. Within no more than seven centuries back as many as seven parishes are said to have disappeared by the subsidence of this region. And in the bay of Dauarnenze there is known to have existed in the fifth century quite a flourishing town called Is, the scene of the famous tragical legend. Even now, at low water, may be seen the old walls of Is, which are called by the inhabitants Mogber Greghi (wall of the Greeks.) The people of the country pretend that they can sometimes hear the old church bells of the submerged city ringing with the mo-

tion of the current Mr. Renau in his "Souvenirs" makes a pretty enough use of this. He tells us that, just as the people of Brittany catch sound of the Is bells, so can he at certain moments hear from the depths of his soul the faint echoes of the old be-liefs in which he was trained. These echoes, judging from his recent utterances, are evidently growing fainter and fainter and trouble him but little. A few weeks ago he scandalized the religious world by a speech at the Vaudeville Theater, on the occasion of a meeting for the propagation of the French tongue, in which he talked flippantly about his fate in the next world. On Saturday he delivered another such speech at the annual Celtie dinner, which is held by Breton residents of Paris. He began by telling his hearers what he would do if only he were "le bon Dieu on President de la Republique," and concluded by joking about purgatory, which he believed might be a very charming place, and where he thought it more than probable he might be before next year was out. These speeches are always treated seriously by the church papers, which, of course, anathematize M. Renau as a rank blasphemer. It is probable that he makes them only for the amusement of making the church papers, them only for the amusement of reading the denunciations which they call forth.

French reologists estimate that the gradual

predicted that the French capital itself will have become entirely submerged, excepting perhaps, that the tops of the Pantheon, of the Arc de Triomphe and other such monuments may be discernable at low water by the people who will then be living.

The Widow Was Not Exacting.

New York Evening Sun.
A business man who lives a little way above the Harlem, not long since sold some buckwheat to a poor woman in his neighborhood. She had no money then, but promised to pay him some day. She stopped his wife, who was driving by the house one day, to give her the money, and apologized for the delay by saying that she was a poor widow with a large family to care for. She told how hard she and her little boys worked in her garden patch, how early they were all up every morning, and yet how difficult it was to make both ends meet, even though they did work hard and long.

The lady felt sorry for her, and tried to comfort her by saying so good looking a woman as

she should marry again. "Why, Mrs. C., I would," she said, "but who would have me with this big family?"
"Lots would," replied Mrs. C. "I know two or three who would be tickled to death if they had half a chance. I'll send them around. "You be sure to do it," said the widow, as

Mrs. C. drove off laughing.

Mrs. C. forgot all about the widow and the rash promise till a few weeks after, when she was passing the house. The widow stopped her again and seriously asked her why none of the gentlemen she had spoken of had called. Poor Mrs. C. saw her joke had been no joke to the widow. She blushed and stammered not knowing what to say that would not hurt her pride, and at last explained that after she had thought over the matter she had concluded none of the men she had spoken of would do, as the widow would be too particular.
"Why, Mrs. C." said the widow, "I'm not at all particular. All I want is a man who can

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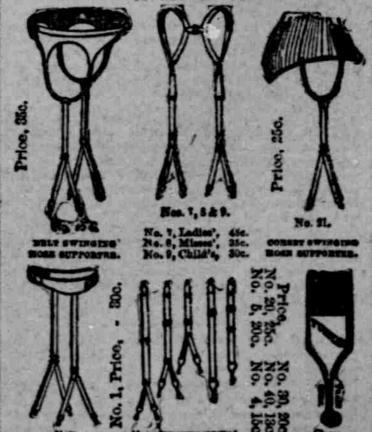
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